## SHIRT

Are Hand-Made and as Luxurious as French Lingerie.

PINAFORE BLOUSE

It Shares Favor With the New Senorita Jacket-Bewitching Devices in Jewelry Prepared for the Autunn Trade-Rich Key Rings fer Chatelaines - Artistic Hair Ornaments

New York Aug. 13 .- Every row and then the shirt waist executes a masterly maneuver, and thereby takes a fresh grip on that elusive force known as feminine pop-

Here we have in the dog days an unexpected novelty in wash blouses sprung on us, and a tremendous fillip given the August trade. If you wish to be in the very normost heart of things you must wear a white shirt made of muslin, silky nainsook, equally silk batiste, cambric that is as crisp and bright as satin or cross barred muslin that is almost as fine as Swiss, while it is vastly softer. Now the while bloose that acts the part of bandmaster, captain or leader to all other of its genus is hand made. Howsoever nexthave its merits, but it is an abomination in this age trained to artistle effect.

Really the shirts of the moment might, in their ornamentation, be twin sisters to the most luxurious lingerie and the loveliest seen were conspicuous for the ciabo. rate and beautiful stftchory displayed upon them. They have oddly shaped revers and wide saffor collars made alternately of insertion and strips of combroidered muslin, else thread-like tucks run in chisters between hands of lace. Lace edgings are whipped on everywhere and the revers oftenest run back from a satior's vest made wholly of transparent insert-

So much cobwebby loveliness must be worked over something stable, and in nearly all cases a tight-fitting silk slip is the foundation. The slip is sleeveless and sometimes cut low in the neck. Many women only use a fanciful cornet cover of white lawn under such shirt waist, and then over the blouse put on a short-tailed, wide opened duck coat. These dantily-made garrients are also in vogue for use with cloth tailor dresses, their extreme fragility seemingly showing in coquertish contrast with the heavy woolen goods. Black and white, whether one is in

grief or not, is always a tempting combi-nation, and about Sommer hotels of a morning we see many women wearing hand-wrought shirts of black washing stik, having rather wide revers made of white lace insertion, whipped together and run through with narrow black rib-

Since we have fallen on the discussion of blouses. It will be of blouses, it will be as well to recom-mend to youngish women, the pinafore shirt, which really broke its shell early in the Spring, but is only now getting the paironage it deserved. A pinafore shirt fastens up the back, in true childish style. Is composed of horizontal rows of tucks and inserting and finishes off at the neck with an ear-clipping collar

waisted woman makes modest excursions into the realm of color, and hardly anything could be prettier than a pink or blue butiste blouse, topped with a large double Byron collar and lace fichu. These two pairs are of white lawn, created with loce, and every seam in the wais: Is put together with beading. Quite as attractive is the shirt cut on the night gown model. It has a round transparent yoke of lace, gathered in to the throat by a colored ribbon and deep lace cuffs to correspond.

If anybedy wants to know what to wear with such shirts, let her be advised to use her white duck, pique or muslin skirts in combination and rest assured she will be suitably coscumed for a

Summer wedding reception or a dance. There is no use authorizing any fash-ion for the American woman as to wheth-er the from of the dress waist is hooked buttoned flat and Ounker like over the bust. Realizing that charm of dress lies chiefly in drapery and things that hang full and light she gently persists in her own wise way of advocating a full-ness. Latterly her seal of approval, which is practical adaptation, has been given a triffe called, for want of a bet-ter name, a senorita jacket. For evening dresses they are made in light satin, embroidered thickly with a small floral pattern worked first on chiffon and then

ald on the satin.
The backet likelf is cut off square, just above the bust, and below are three pleated lace frills, the lowest of which only comes to the waist line. Slim women appear to great advantage when thus arrayed and many are the gingham gowns, foulards and wash muslims made after this fashion. Occasionally, in place of cutting the tacket off square in front it fits over the bust in the form of two large disks, each as big as a dinner plate, slop-ing up and around from the arm hole. In place of the rich and expensive applique embroidery patterns in narrow gathered ribbens are outlined on the jacket. A black satin senerita jacket, prettily dec-orated in jet or steel leading, is one of the wise woman's purchases. She wears it with her evening dresses to give thom an air of novelty, or richness just as they may need touching up.
One of the Summer whims of woman-kind are pretty chiffon hoods to wear of

an evening when driving in an open car-riage to balls or dinners in the country. Crimped chiffon, in any favorite color, can be used, and the pattern is that of a Quaker bonnet or a Normandy bonnet. A wire frame, or one of whale bone, is what the chiffon is mounted on and full killed skins of the downs material are kilted skins of the downy material are allowed to fall out all around on the shoulders. So ethereal is this headgear that it places no undue weight on the most artistic chignon, the skirts fall cosily over hare shoulders, and with long chiffon strings the protecting cloud ties under the wearer's chin.

under the wearer's chin.

Collars remain so absurdly high that the life of the short-necked woman is one long mortification of the flesh at the altar of fashion, while a sleeve that ends rationally at the wrist is enjoyed only by the sample house maid. In het weather rationally at the wrist is enjoyed only by the sensible house maid. In hot weather this ruling of the mode has something both absurd and cruel about it, but the woman who would haste to the divorce courts if her husband objected to cold coffee does not flinch at swathing her neck in the new 1839 stock cravat when the mercury is making dashes at the one

hundredth degree.

By the way, this resourcection of a mode from the other end of the century

home-coming woman in the early au-tumn, in the face of which flosh, .pirt and pocketbook can but capitulate. I girt umbrelus, for example, are all going to umbrelms, for example, are all going to have now handles. Some of shem will be swams heads of black steel with diamond eyes. More interesting will is an shony umbrella stick topped at the handle end with a pike topped at the handle end with a pike topped at the handle end with diamonds. A half opened chestnut burr, or a thistle blossom in green and filac enamed are beautiful designs soon to be in the shop windows.

Many women have causely up the babit

Many women have caught up the habit of carrying their keys about with them, since the artful jeweler has offered them such lovely gold, silver and black sive such lovely gold, silver and black a cell key rings, sot at the point where the key slips on with a cat's eye. There is also a hook on the ring by which you can fasten the whole bunch to your belt, and shose who pussess a Portunatus purse have the steel keys of their desk, chaffenier drawers, etc., copied in gold or silver to slip on the luxurious rings. It was inevitable that the young to It was inevitable that the young un-

silver to silp on the fuxurious rings.

It was inevitable that the young unmarried American woman came sooner or later to the wearing of diamonds in her hair. From crowns, diadems and diaras she is still debarred, but now she wears a chaplet of jewels in her locks, and a pretty thing it is in spite of our prejudice against debutantes and diamonds. The chaplot is in the form of a small, a very small wreath of olive leaves. The leaves are either of gold, edged with diamonds, or all of diamonds, set closely in silver. A running garland of convolvulus, or a chain of small dalsies in pearls, is another favorite head ornament with young ladies.

Matrons as well as maids have all but cast away their shell side combs and for the Summer at least few heavy jeweled head decorations are seen. A fiara even at a Newport dinner party, unless an heir apparent to a throne is present, is voted ostentatious, and the wives of millionaires tuck into their high-piled tresses the finest platinum wires so strong with dia-

tuck into their high-piled tresses the ly your machine-made shirt may be it surkes no envy or admiration to the heart of the girl who sits behind you at an open-air musical or polo match; it may feelers spring. Big jewels, rich and impressive soltaires, it is remarkable, seem to be no longer set in the inevitable wreath of dismonds. Such gems as large

n fanciful forms and borrowing no splendor from the aid of jewels. The workers in the precious motal have gone back for suggestions to the ancient Italian ormaments of gold, and some of the most love-ly brooches seen of late are tiny figures of flying Loves, Psyches and Prosperines,

done all in the solid metal. Studies in shirt waists are offered this week to show how the warm weather has developed them into the very comforta-blest garment going. All these are handmade blouses, enhanced with lare and embroidery and tucks. The first figure dis-plays a waist of white nainsook, having overs of valenciennes lace and narrow ands of the goods whipped in alternating tripes. The sailor's vest is of nainsook in bars of tucks and lace.

Number two is a pinnfore shirt in white, with a high black satin stock as its lead-ing feature. Two points of white lawn do duty as a collar over the edge of the tight black satin swatting, and the cuffs are soft finished, as is the rule with all these shirts.

The pitiful stories of gently nurtured women who support themselves while young and strong, and, then, when past work, have to end their days in miserable poverty or by living on charity, make one wonder what can be done to remedy this unhappy state of things. Speculation naturally follows, says a writer in the Philadelphia Report, as to whether it would not in many cases be possible for them to make more provision for old age | half at her small listeners and half into

To many young girls starting a happy,

perhaps they frankly acknowledge they have not "prospects" of any kind and do not know in the least what will "be-come of them," and then they will laugh and turn the subject to some thing of more immediate interest. Besides, most

CALVE AS A BACHELOR MAID. Entertains Charmingly at Her Lit

tle Hotel in Paris, Paris, Aug. 1.-Caive, the adorable Carmen-Calve with the voice of a nightingale-Calve, the impassioned actress-Calve, the great artist-as such we all know and admire her. But Calve, in another role-Calve, directing her house hold-Calve, as a bachelor-maid-Calve, at home, is a person about which the world at large knows but little. And I admit, it was with all the interest which hovers as a halo about the every-day life of great people, with all the friendly curiosity one woman c feel about another I accepted Mme. Calve's invitation to pay her my first visit.

Her little hotel occupies a sungy corne on Place des Etats-Unis, in the heart center of the American quarter-the pri vate, American, not the student quarter of Paris. Thus we may know and believe that Mme. Calve has ailied herself to America and Americans by ties of friendship and love with which the American eagle—on the dollar—has nothing to do Her very windows, broad, low Venetian ones, with a multitude of little cathedra panes, look out onto the statute of Washington and Lafayette. And here in springtime—February 22—when Americans come and lay wreaths and garlands at the feet of the dead heroes, Calve peeping from behind her blinds can see and know that Americans where they have worshipped once are constant always.

It was "buttons" who opened the door, It was "buttons" who opened the door, It was an English looking butler, too, with "mutton-chops," who showed the guests where to dispose of their wraps. So far, this might have been an English household—or one of the "four hunpanes, look out onto the statute of Wash-

lish household-or one of the "four hun dred." It was Calve's regular at ho

day-Sunday afternoon.
"Quelle chaleur," remarked a French man standing near me, apropos of the

And then some one answered back in good old American: "Yes; didn't you know it? Calve has an American furnace, had it put in last Winter, and keeps it going full blast all the time." I turned round and there stood Clarence Whitehall exidently explained. wreath of dismonds. Such gems as large turquoise, opais, pearls, emeralds and rubbes are surrounded by a delicate band of lusterless gold. In the case of turquoise, a band of clear blood red enamel offere energites it, for by this means the jowelers say the tone of the stone is deepened and clarified, just as jewelers in the Turkish bazaars drop their turquoises in sealing wax plugs on the ends of canes and thus, by the contrast of color, attract the buyer.

A deal of charming jewelry, such as brooches, chaplets, sleeve links, scarfpirs, etc. is being made of gold worked in fanciful forms and borrowing no splen-

ing now that is not American. Eh volla ecoutes," he said, suddenly lifting his finger. Everybody listened as ordered; and there came surely tlakling down the broad steps the sound of an American outoharp. And then there came in full flood the rich melody of a woman's voice, singing some southern jullahye. There singing some southern lullabye. There could be but one voice like that. Yes, it was her voice. That voice which makes you tremble and burn and sigh by turns. Only here, it seemed infinitely sweeter, too, more of the woman in it, less of the

not to be forgotten in a lifetime. Calve sat on a low stool beside the fire, the autoharp in her lap, the firelight full on her face. Perched on two high chairs in front of her were two little girls; their bright eyes large with wonder, their tiny feet dangling unconsciously, their hands folded mutely over their little plaid dresses. Calve was all in white, only a bunch of red roses tucked in at her belt. The firelight shone on the glossy folds of her dark hair and lit up her wondrous eyes, until she looked more, much more, the goddess than I had ever seen her in any stage setting. She was singing for those two little girls. The few who had already arrived sat in the background. The song must have been something re-membered from her own sunny infancy in the Midi-the south of France. I have never heard it in any opera or anywhere. You could almost see, hanging about her heavy cyclids, the sub-conscious memories of half-forgotten childhood, as she gazed

the fireplace.

The song finished suddenly and amid a inful career, full of the health and patter of applause which came from our high spirits of youth, old age is such a hidden vantage ground, Calve came run-



also white bookshelves lined with books the Leeds assizes, he gianced over the in white searching for some intercepts and its terateurs. This man spoke in quite a scattered on the plano and on the floor, as if their mistress had suddenly been mittercepted which would be coming out in two of the Paris theaters soon. To a young artist hing, and left them so. In one corner are at the same time examining another portrait of hor carmen which hangs in a gilt frame over a current which hangs in a gilt frame over carmen which hangs in a gilt frame over a teeth it was, with boid laughing oyes, a bright was a genius. A little time ago, in speaking of the death of Sir Frank, Mr. which searching for some thing, and left them so. In one corner are at the same time examining another portrait of hor carmen which hangs in a gilt frame over carmen which hangs in a gilt frame over the plano and on the plano and on the floor. The Carmen of the white a group in one corner are at the same time examining another portrait of hor carmen which hangs in a gilt frame over the plano and on the floor, as if their mistress had suddenly been mitterupted white searching for some thing, and left them so. In one corner also was another American production, an Edison phonograph. Here Caive may also was another American production, an Edison phonograph the Leeds assizes, he gianced over the lady shoulder and at once perceived that the sads shoulder and at once perceived that he sheets in white searching for some them so, in one corner and self-them so, in one corner also was another American production, an Edison phonograph. Here Caive may also was another American production, an Edison phonograph the Leeds assizes, he gianced over the lady shoulder and at once perceived that the was shoulder and at once perceived that the was shoulder and at once perceived that the was a genius. A little time ago, in which his early patron had some with the was a genius. A little time ago in which he was a genius. A little time ago in which he was a genius. A li

what a picture care looked rectains there among the cushions! Her white dress of Spanish lace trulling on the floor! Only her lips were red, redder than the roses at her belt. She was sur-

she was afraid of dropping it.

Mme. Calve smiled when I asked her time his career if she planned to joint the victims of the rupted success. Wagner craze and begin to study German

Sale declared, in apparently good faith, that the is found of her new role in Sapho. But there are other stories current than the one Caive tells. She does not deny herself it is one of the hardest roles she sings. The role of Sapho is about the only one in the open, and besides the overheatra plans only only one in the open, and besides the orchestra plays only acc impaniment music throughout the piece almost. This makes the strain something grantic upon Sapho. Mine Calvo iles in bed all the on Supho. Mme. Calvo lies in bed all the day before she sings it, preparing for the ordend-some one says she cries all day—and she lies in bed all the next day after to rest. She has been obliged to give up once and go down to Beauken on the Mediterranean for rest. But out of personal friendship for Massanet and because she is too loyal to break her contract with the Opera Comique Calve will

Always amiable, Calve was just starting up the stairs with me to search for her latest photograph, in that same long black velvet robe which she wears in the first act of "Sapho," when some one called—I heard the name of Jean de Razke-Caive excused herself and left me to mount to the sacred precincis, her boundoir, with an American girl, a friend of hers and her constant companion in

Paris. The first thing I saw when I entered private quarters of this bachelor-diva's abode was the bed. It is the biggest thing in the room, at least once and a half as big as any I had ever seen before. And it was all white and soft and downy like a baby's bed at that, all lace and ruffles and frills. A real Spanish lace counterpane over white satin covered up everything except the brass posts. A everything except the brass posts. A high canopy all silk-lined and from which depended more Spanish lace, reached al-

most to the celling. And what wonder, a woman who has to lie in her bed whole days at a time to garner up her strength for the treme dous strain of grand opera nights, who receives her intimates, propped up among her cushions, has need of a commodious

and luxurious couch. It is a case of when a bed is not a bed, but a whole boudoir in itself.

On a little carved table de nuit, close to the head, stood a student lamp with a pretty rose shade. Beside it on the table was the score of an opera, a book of verse and a prayer book. Here was also a large and a prayer book. Here was also a famous park and residence of Lord Hol. and a prayer book. Here was also a bottle of smelling salts and a little jewel casket for finger rings. Just over this table, hanging against the wall, was a fine etching of Rachel in her femous weath

ee a generous bathtub in porcelain and brass, with a white Polar bear rug spread atongside, on the mosale floor. Across one end of the bathroom stood a long, low dressing table draped in white dotted muslin. And on the top was a verita-ble debauche of eau de rose, cologne, sachet powders, flesh brushes and bottles whose contents could only be conject-ured. All things in fine which go to make up the requirements of a woman of refined taste were there. But they indicated even more, the care and work which this woman whom we see always so radiantly beautiful, so fresh, so rong and so buoyant, must sestow upon her-self daily to preserve and guard her phys-ical strength and her voice at the same "You know Mme.Calve has built a hom

for little orphan girls down on her farm in the south of France," remarked the young American, "where she spends her Summers, This is her castle," said the young lady, showing me a photograph of an encient building of the eleventh cen-

It is called "Cabriers," and it is here up among the mountains in the south of France where the great singer spends her months of recraction. The castle has been all remodeled in-

side. In one part of the building the two floors have been removed, making a high music room with a vaulted roof reaching to the colling. This is near Mme. Calve's childhood home. Her father and mother live on an estate near here. Her father has been a railroad contractor. Under his direction some of the best railroads of France have been built and also in Spain. It was in this way much of Calve's childhood was spent in Spain. She speaks Spanish as her own tongue.

The home for little orphan girls is on wholly. It has room at present for about sixty, but it has only just been opened this Spring, and Mme. Calve has many plans for its future. This is the only place at which she sings during her months of rest. But every Sunday were ling Mme. one corner of Mme. Calve's wild moun-tain farm. This she sustains herself wholly. It has room at present for about months of rest. But every Sunday morn-ing Mme. Calve goes as regularly as if she were being paid \$1,500 à performanc, and sings for her little friends.

Mme. Calve came out to say au revolr. She sent her greeting to America and said, "Only until November."

## PHIL MAY.

Punch's Famous Artist Discusses American and English Illustrations London, July 7.-The airy and epigram natic author of "The Gentle Art of Makng Enemics" has written that and V hite in England Means Phil May, and the artistic world has fully indorses Mr. Whistier's opinion, which was given before the young arrist had taken his present position among the greatest comic artists of the age, ranking himself with Cruikshank, Leech, Keene, Tenniel and Du Maurier

Born at Leeds thirty-two years Mr. May began life as office boy to a lawyer. with, however, scant satisfaction to his employer, for the lad passed most of his ime decorating the margins of the dull egal documents which it was his duty to transcribe with witty sketches and caricatures of the clients. Sir Frank Lockwood, the celebrated advocate, himself no mean artist, was one of the first to discover young May's talent. During

her hospitalities with both hands, because she has a warm heart bubbling over with good will for everybody. She gives you both her hands when you enter and it was with both hands she held out for me the cup of fragrant tea, making believe she was afraid of dropping it.

Mme. Calve smiled when I asked her lime the career has been one of unintering the planned to joint the victims of the runted success.

Wagner craze and begin to study croics. "Gh, perhaps I may; I cannot tell. But it will not be this year. I am not sure," she said, showing all her even teeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," that my mouth is made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," the made for Gerteeth, "that my mouth is made for Gerteeth," the my mouth is my my mouth is my m was unique and his ideas original. I had reduced the art of line drawing the mathematical problem of using as few strokes of the pen as possible. So apparent was this that the untrained observer was inclined to characterize his work as "unfinished," whereas it has ab-solute finish, in that it represents the

highest development of any arr-telling something without superfluity. This is the art of the story teller; it should be equally that of the artist, and Mr. May possesses it in the highest pos-sible degree. His ability to cutch a type and put it on paper is little short of maron the outen a type of the short of mar velous. Whether he depicts a cavalry man, long-legged and overcoated; a contends with the Opera Comique, Calve will sing Sapho on to the bitter end.

But Calve in Supho, Calve in long trailing rubes of sombre velvet! I am afraid he American public will not take kindly them and will demand again. to them and will demand again Caive 'n For example, the Daily Graphic once rethoyden toflets of short skirts and peasant produced a sketch of the wharf of Yarmouth during the morning fish sale, and this, a half-page affair, was so full of life, types, and even of values that it was practically a photograph in ink strokes. As to originality of ideas, apart from the style he started, there has been no better example than his series of "On the Brain," showing the fads and folbles of prominent men coming out through the tops of their heads, after the "lids" of the skulls had been lifted off. That series, too, gave an inkling of his mar-

velous ability to catch a likeness.

After doing occasional sketches for Punch for about three years, he was anything like picture libel. taken on the staff of the paper, at an unusually large salary, and his sketches for this famous publication now constitute almost his exclusive journalistic work.

ently. I had three bours' talk with Mr. May, followed by a pleasant lunch with him und his charming wife, at his house, "Rowsfey," in Holland Park read. of the strongly marked features frank with him and his charming wife, at his house, "Rowsley," in Holiand Park read. Of this road, which is now the artistic center of Landon, Lord Lighton said to

me twenty-five years ago:

'Come and see me at Holland Park road. Val Princep and I have made is for ourselves." A lune, which is will standing, was then

famous park and residence of Lord Hol-land, a place still garlanded with all the fatrest flowers of poetry, romance, liter-

now famous as the home of Phil May. There is in all London no more deceiving residence than this. From the outside it begulles one into the belief that it is very spacious, whereas save for the noble studio and a dining room of fair proportions, there are but three or four

living rooms. In the square entrance hall, cozy with Criental rugs and curtains, hang sketches by Dudley Hardy, Phil May, E. H. Ab-bey, an American citizen, and with a family of snowy kittens nestled comity on the rug before a bright fire. But the studio was the bourne of my pilgrimage, and thither I followed a smart maid serand initially i followed a smart maid servent, up a narrow staircase, guarded at the top by a full suit of inpanese armor, after which I found myself in the quadatest and most beautiful of "work-

The well-vaulted roof is crossed by heavy beams of dark oak, and a galfery destined for an organ runs across one endestined for an organ runs across one end of the room. Numerous posters by the great French artist, Cherit, of whom Mr. May is a warm admirer; an abundance of Indian tapestry, several fine skins, in one corner a curved wood screen of rare workmunship, all placed with artistic effect and perfect taste, render the studio a nicityre in their seal. a picture in itself, and one which lingers pleasantly in the memory.

The artist's wife, also born in Leeds,

six months later than her husband, is a gracious and exceedingly pretty woman of medium height, dainly figure, regular features, a delicately clear complexion, a sensitive, perfectly formed mouth, and that rare charm, a sweet smile; the hid of her husband, and, as he himself declares, his "right hand." A clear-headed business woman, to her he intrusts the entire munagement of his affairs. "If I do anything behind her back," laughed

to illustrate the article. But I had a hig contract on hand, so far as the sketches were concerned. "Sketches for an interview by Phil May

sweezers for an interview by Phil May himself!" exclaimed a mutual friend to whom I mentioned my desire. "Do you know what you are asking? Are you aware that the merest touch of Phil May's pencil is worth at least £19 in the But I made the plunge after a little

hing, and out came my andactous. To say that Phil May smiled request. To say that Phil May smiled is merely to say that Phil May was there, for he smiles all the time, but his face assumed an intensely comical expression. "Do you know," he said, " that I can get almost any sum I choose to ask for my work, and especially for illustrations for American papers? I am obliged to decline their tempting offers every day. This principally because of my agreement with Punch, as I am bound by contract not to do illustrations for any jourment with Punch, as I am bound by con-tract not to do illustrations for any jour-nal except the Graphic without Mr. Punch's permission. At the same time I am free to produce my own Annual. I also illustrate books, and when I obtain permission I do permission I do a certain amount of magpermission i do a certain amond or mag-azine work. At present I am engaged on sketches for a souvenir of The Little Minister' at the Haymurket Theater. However, I do not mind doing you a rep-resentation of my own clarade head." He thereupon took up pen and paper, and whilst be talked drew the picture which accompanies this article. It is a sketch not in any sense a caricature, despite the

alight exaggeration of feature, but a portriat full of expression and character.

When we talked about comic art particularly, Mr. May said: "I want to know just what you call comic art. I presume you mean that which is identified with John Leech Keene which is identified with John Leech Keene and Du Maurier in England, and with Frost in America. I call that comic art pure and simple. Frost is more purely comical than we are, I think, and he and Zimmerman are the best purely comic artists in the world. I do not consider myself purely comic; I have another side. "I should say," he continued, "that the humor in American sketches is more ex-

aggerated than ours. At any rate, they make me laugh more. I think, however, that American comic artists are elaborate in their execution—too elaborate, perhaps, for my taste, but it is really difficult to compare the two countries in that re-spect both being just about as good as they can be. I am dead against color in art and do not like it, because it tends to elaboration. A comic sketch ought not to be elaborated any more than a joke. That is the reason I so much prefer black and white for all my huntorous

On the subject of English and Americording to his idea, it is not an easy mat-

ter to make a comparison, but he said:
"I am certain that no one ever has beaten Tenniel as a cartoonist, and I do not believe anyone ever will. The best not believe unyone ever will. The best American carroonist I ever knew was Livingstone Hopkins, now a resident of Australia, and on the staff of my old pa-

per, the Sydney Bulletin.
"As to the apparent technical knowledge of their subject possessed by the artists of the two countries, I think it is almost equal."

Mr. May does not hesitate to condemn

the picture which has little or no applieation to the reading matter, and upholds the vogue of the sketch which, by its action, tells all the story without marginal explanation. In a word, the joke in the drawing is his ideal. We discussed at length the idea which

s somewhat prevalent in parts of the inited States that caricaturing a public man should be made by law a mislemean-or, punishable by fine or imprisonment, as is libel. "I should resent any interference with the liberty of the people in that respect," he said. "Such a measure has never been talited of in England. It is not tibel nor

slander to make a comic picture of a

public man. Exaggerating his physical

configration is not the same as putting he story of his folbles or sins into print The former is never done with the object of attacking the man; it is his principles which are under fire."

Mr. May had never heard of the me ure recently brought before the New York legislature relating to caricatures, and was astonished that such a law had ever been contemplated. He stands firmly for

the liberty of the press, and trusts to the artistic sense of proportion to prevent The accompanying portrait speaks part-ly of the personality of the man. He is spare and pale, with dark hair our very lose and combed straight across his fore head. Neither tall nor short, he is well built, the limbs are trim and sinewy, the and open. A bright smile lights up the interesting and boylsh face as he looks his listener full in the face whilst he con-

verses. Generous and kindly, unassuming in manner, unspoilt by his rapid success and constant adulation, it is not difficult to understand why Phil May is a univer-

As I said forewell and watched the artist mount his beautiful little horse, Punch, I though of the dreary law office, the theatrical engagement at 12 and 6 pence a week, the adventure of the cart and I sald to myself:
"Who shall dare say that

"Who shall dare say that genius will not come to the front, and that, too, in the old country, by its own inherent

## Sir Thomas,

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.)
For Themas Lipton, the latest challenger for the America's cup, goes in for philanthropy on a large scale. Ten days ago he went to Marihorough House and gave to the Princess of Walks a check for \$500,000, which will be used to establish cheap restaurants in London, where a good meal may be had for from 4 to 16 cents. The finid will be called the Alexandra Trust.

The Exception

(From the Indianap lis Journal.) She-I don't believe there was a hat in church oday that I didn't see, He-Except the one that was passed for the



PINAFORE AND SAILOR BLOUSE.

ning to meet us. She held the autoharp behind her with one hand as if half ashamed of her performance. But the Frenchman soon relieved her of it and took it over near the light, where he gave the syndicate is the thousands of friends

full sway to his curiosity. "Quel diable de chose d' Amerique," he chuckled with a pleased smile.
"You like it," said Calve. "Ah, I am lack and white, and in oils. A balus-

rounded by men and women, all laugh-

mode from the other end of he century premises to be one of the unitum feature. At the moment only the most madah women are seen warm glaem, but anyone who has beer granificative potential to model from and a broad, soft piece of Duchess sain can west a strict the moment of the more modest styles of throat trimming in vogue, but slin, columnary the more modest styles of throat trimming in vogue, but slin, columnary the more modest styles of throat trimming in vogue, but slin, columnary the more degrees the specific string on a vogue, but slin, columnary the more modest styles of throat trimming in vogue, but slin, columnary the more of these call styles of these statistics prove that all women cannot and do not marry, but anyone degree the string on the previous thinks, and in the feature of Notro Dame, two soliders extended as the statistic proves of Duchess sain can weist a strick to model from and a broad, soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model from and a broad, soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the model of the string the proper of the string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a string the string the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state the model from and a broad soft piece of Duchess sain can weist a state t